

Harvest 20 to 45 Bushel to Acre Wheat in Western Canada

Think what that means to you in good hard dollars with the great demand for wheat at high prices. Many farmers in Western Canada have paid for their land from a single crop. The same success may still be yours. For you can buy on easy terms.

Farm Land at \$15 to \$30 an Acre

located near thriving towns, good markets, railways—land of a kind which grows 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Good grazing lands at low prices convenient to your grain farm enable you to reap the profits from stock raising and dairying.

Learn the Facts About Western Canada

low taxation (none on improvements), beautiful climate, good schools, churches, pleasant social relationships, a prosperous and industrious people. For illustrated literature, maps, description of farm opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, reduced railway rates, etc., write Department of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or G. A. COOK, Drawer 187, Watertown, South Dak.; R. A. GARRETT, 311 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn., Canadian Government Agents.

EATONIC Users—Do This—Get the Greatest Benefits

Chicago, Ill.—Thousands of reports from people all over the U. S. who have tested Eatonic, show the greatest benefits are obtained by using it for a few weeks, taking one or two tablets after each meal.

Eatonic users know that it stops Belching, Bloating, Heartburn, and Stomach Miseries quickly, but the really lasting benefits are obtained by using Eatonic long enough to take the harmful excess acids and gases entirely out of the system. This requires a little time, for Eatonic takes up the excess acidity and poisons and carries them out of the body and of course, when it is all removed, the sufferer gets well, feels fine—full of life and pep.

If you have been taking an Eatonic now and then, be sure and take it regularly for a time and obtain all of these wonderful benefits. Please speak to your druggist about this, so that he can tell others that need this help. Adv.

BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

GOLD MEDAL HAZLE OIL CAPSULES

The national remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED BY Dr. Henry's Freckle Ointment—Van Druggist at Free Press Bldg., 215 N. 3rd St., Chicago, Ill.

Telling Him. "Bobby, your mother tells me you are a very bright boy, and she expects you to be a great man," said Mr. Blossom, as he sat in the parlor waiting for Bobby's sister.

"Ma never does 'spect right. She doesn't know what she's talking about. She told dad she 'spected you and my sister would be married 'fore spring, and that was more than a year ago."

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin When red, rough and itching with hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

The Idea. "Many of the new theories of bringing up children show that the old ways were really pernicious." "Yes, I understand that they are claiming the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that wrecks the world."

FARMERS ARE WORKING HARDER And using their feet more than ever before. For all those workers the frequent use of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, increases their efficiency and insures needed physical comfort. It takes the Friction from the Shoe, freshens the feet, and prevents tired, aching and blistered feet. Women everywhere are constant users of Allen's Foot-Ease. Don't get foot sore, get Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by dealers everywhere.—Adv.

Many Wells Poisoned. Five hundred wells in France's invaded territory must be purified of German poison before they can be made use of.

MURINE Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tingle, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes, Safe for Infant and Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 29-1920.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Condensation by James B. Connolly



Robert Louis Stevenson was born of cultured parents, Nov. 13, 1850, in Edinburgh. From infancy his health was delicate. His schooling was therefore desultory, but he early adored the tales and poems read to him by his devoted nurse, Alison Cunningham, and so began the passion for literature which dominated his life. His father, Thomas Stevenson, an able civil engineer, desired Louis to follow his profession, but after more than three years' study he abandoned it. He next read law to please his father, but he genuinely cared only for writing.

Perhaps no figure in literature is more loved for sheer valiance of spirit than Robert Louis Stevenson. He contended all his life against disease with high courage and dauntless gaiety. In France and California, in the Adirondacks and the South Sea Islands, he pursued the will of the wisps, health, which always eluded him. From 1880 to his death in 1894, his wife was a source of strength and inspiration; yet exiled from friends he suffered physical pain and weary disappointment. Much of his best work was written in bed. Nevertheless in 17 years he produced four volumes of essays, seven romances, five collections of fantastic tales, two of South Sea yarns, three of poetry, five volumes of travel and topography, one of political history, and left material for several posthumous works. "Treasure Island" is perhaps the best loved of his romances. Stevenson said: "If this don't fetch the kids, why, they have gone rotten since my time." And again, as he wrote it: "It's awful fun, boys' stories; you just tell them the pleasure of your heart, that's all."

THE Duries of Ballantrae were a strong family in Scotland from the days of David I. Their ups and downs I pass over, to come to that year 1745 when the foundations of this tragedy were laid.

There was my lord, studious, tactful and retired from the world. There was the master (James in baptism) with his father's love of study; but what was tact in the father changed to black dissimulation in him. Though ever in broils, invariably he left his partners in mischief to pay the piper. The second son, Mr. Henry, was neither able nor bad; an out-of-doors, solid sort, who had had an active hand from a boy in the management of the estate. In the house also was Miss Alison Graeme, an orphan, comely and self-willed, helress to a fortune and, because of my lord's necessities, pledged in marriage to the master.

Then came the uprising for Prince Charlie. Against the wishes of the other three the master elected to ride with the prince; which left Mr. Henry to take King George's side, this being a common policy of great houses in that day. So the master rode to the North. Then came the word of Culloden and the master's death. After a decent time Mr. Henry, to preserve the estate, married Miss Alison, although he no more than any other doubted her love for the master's memory.

But the master was not dead. He had escaped to sea, his escape being not to his credit. At sea he was captured by a pirate ship. By the most ingenious devilry he secured the treasure of the pirate ship as she was about to fall into the hands of a king's cruiser, and escaped with it to the swamps on the American shore. One man he took to guide him out of the swamp, and diked him to death after they were safely clear of it. Thence he continued his march to French Canada, although forced on the way to hide his treasure in the wilderness. This we learned from a Colonel Burke, an Irish soldier of fortune, who came in the night to plead money for the support of the master, who was then in France.

There was a letter from the master which threw Mr. Henry in a passion. "He calls me a niggardly dog!" he cried. "But if I ruin the estate I shall stuff him, the blood-sucker! And all this I foresaw when he elected himself and not me to go with Prince Charlie."

The gap made in our accounts by the master's demands became a sore embarrassment. As steward of the estate I must needs ride to Edinburgh and there raise new loans on hard terms to keep old ones afloat; and this held for seven years. Mr. Henry shaming everything to the last farthing to raise more money, and yet more money; winning for himself thereby no better title than miser with the countryside as well as at home; for never a word of this business did he even tell to the old lord or Mrs. Henry, it being the devilish malice of the master to require this secrecy and the loyal nature of his brother to comply.

The odium attaching to Mr. Henry and the knowledge, which came to me, that the master all this time had also a pension from the Scotch fund in Paris, became too great a burden for me. I took it on myself to tell Mrs. Henry how her husband had already sent 7,000 to the master. Thereafter no

further moneys were sent abroad, and the telling did much to check a widening restraint between Mr. Henry and my lady, a great joy to me.

This action resulted in the master's return to us, a great curse to the household; for in all matters of contention, though Mr. Henry might be right, the master had the trick of setting him in the wrong. He still demanded money, and, to satisfy him, the entail was broken and a great piece of and sold; and all the while he ceased, not to lay siege to the heart of Mrs. Henry, carrying it on so deftly that I scarce knew if she was aware of it herself, she whom I doubt not still loved him.

This brings me to the night when he laid the most unbearable of insults on Mr. Henry. "I never knew a woman," said the master, "who did not prefer me, nor—I think—who did not continue to prefer me to you." At which Mr. Henry coldly struck him on the mouth.

"A blow!" cried the master. "I will not take a blow from God Almighty! I must have blood for this!"

They fought beyond the shrubbery, I bringing the candles for them. From the first Mr. Henry showed himself the stronger, which so surprised and confused the master that he tried foul play, but got only the length of Mr. Henry's sword through the body. He fell, apparently lifeless.

Mr. Henry shook with sob. I led him into the house, and told the old lord and my lady; but going back to bring in the body, I found it gone. A good riddance, I thought, whether dead or alive, but the night's work threw Mr. Henry into a fever, and his mind was never again the same clear mind as of old.

The old lord died, and to my lady and Mr. Henry, now my lord, was born a boy, and to that boy my lord became a slave, which had not been so with his first child, Katherine. He would pass by his wife as though she were a dog before the hearth to come at the boy. Without doubt this was in the nature of a judgment on my lady, she who had been so cold so many years to every mark of his tenderness; but to me it was monstrous, and I was emboldened much as I loved him, to say so; but my saying so only served to send my lord sick to bed and to earn for me from my lord the word that I was no better than an old maid.

This brings me to that morning in April 1764, that the master returned to us again, this time with an Indian servant. With his return my lord and lady, I urging them on, took ship for New York, where my lady had property through her father. This voyage, so I thought, will at one stroke rid them of the master and weave them closer together.

Twenty days it took the master to learn where they had gone; whereupon he also sailed for New York, and I on the same ship, praying that she would go down, even with myself with her, if it would but take the master also. I looked forward with woe to the day he should set-foot in New York; but our ship was a slow sailer, and other ships which sailed later arrived before us; so it happened that my lord had word of the master's coming and prepared for him. There was suspicion of more than one murder, it seems, to the master's hand during the earlier stay he made in America, and so now he found it a better business to leave New York and hunt in the wilderness for that treasure which he had buried so many years before.

At this time all the evil the master had done seemed borne in a flood upon my lord's brain. He became moody and took to drink. There has been talk that he connived with the crew which the master had hired for his expedition, bribing the leaders to make way with his brother. There is no evidence of that, but it is true that the master's Indian servant to save his life, as he said, did bury him alive, with the intent to resurrect and restore him later by the agency of some secret oriental trick.

My lord and a party, I being of it, followed the master, and it was when the East Indian was lifting his body from the grave that we came upon them. I thought for a moment that the eyelids fluttered. Others say that the lips strove to speak, that his teeth showed through his beard, which may have been, for I was busy elsewhere, for at the first disclosure of the dead man's eyes, my lord had fallen to the ground. When I raised him he was a corpse.

I buried him there; my lady laid an equal stone to each; and there where they died, side by side, they lie to this day.

(Copyright, 1919 by Post Publishing Co.—The Boston Post.)

Water Telescope Finds Missing Body. Miss Emily McCarthy, a nurse of Meriden, Conn., disappeared and her hat was found in Black pond, indicating that she had drowned, probably by wading into the water in the dark and becoming confused.

Every effort to find the body by dragging failed, so Scout Executive John D. Roberts made a water telescope from a keg, with a glass bottom. Holding this over the side of a boat and peering into the depths of the pond, the body of the missing nurse was finally seen and brought ashore.—Boy Scout Bulletin.

In Ye Stone Age. John Dinosaurus—What's that poor fellow jumping around with so much glee for? Eddie Stonehatchet—He sent a new poem to the editor of the Stone Age Gazette and the letter dropped on the editor's foot.

Home Town Helps

FOR BEAUTIFICATION OF ROAD

Praiseworthy Idea Is That of Planting Trees in Streets of the Various Cities.

Now comes Charles Lathrop Pack, president of the American Forestry association, who urges the beautification of roads. Mr. Pack suggests that we cease building monuments for at least ten years, until the proper perspective can be given the situation, and that all the roads of the country, old and new, be planted in honor of the men and women who entered war work. He also suggests that counties work out plans for the placing of groves, so that we may in time have a national extended memorial.

The suggestion has been taken up in many parts of the country. A unique instance is the work of the people of Minneapolis, who are planning as far ahead as 1951. Trees are being trained there for 50 years hence, the American elm, of the vase type, being used. A fund of \$50,000 has been set aside for the care of these trees. Mr. C. M. Loring is the chief of the park system of Minneapolis, and this sum is his contribution to the memorial. The trees will be planted 60 feet apart.

Other cities are also alive to what can be done in this work. Washington plans to have a driveway between Potomac and Rock Creek parks, and memorial tree planting is under discussion there. In Cincinnati, a boulevard starting in the down-town section may be improved in this manner.

ATTRACTIVE MAIL BOX



That his roadside mail box might harmonize with the stucco ranch house, this cattle man covered base, pedestal, and box with concrete. The roof of the box is painted green.—From Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Concerning the Garden.

The delights of a garden don't need classifying, but some of the difficulties do. The first is to find the right place in which to make the garden. It should be in a locality where the sun will shine on it for at least five hours each bright day. It should not be where the soil is so thin and the rocks so near the surface that the garden will burn out during the summer. It should not be under or near large trees; the trees will not only keep the sun off, but will draw all the moisture and plantfood from the soil. Nor must the garden be in a spot that gets flooded.

Co-ordination of Work.

Through the association of commerce the city of Milwaukee is planning to centralize all of the city's activities among the foreign born. The plan calls for a general committee, whose representatives are drawn from the various civil, social, and patriotic bodies and for an executive committee of five members to be appointed from the general committee. The co-operation of a member from each of these bodies will obviate all duplication of work and will mean a large increase in the ground covered in the coming year.

Her Heartlessness.

"I hear tell that Gabe Gawkey is figuring on getting a divorce from his wife," said a neighbor. "What's the matter with her, anyhow?" "She's plumb heartless," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "He talked about taking some spring medicine and she up and told him that the best kind to suit his case was a buck-saw and ax. That there infernal lady ain't got no more feelings than a snapping turtle!"—Kansas City Times.

Community's Benefactor.

The man who owns an attractive home, large or small, is a real benefactor to the community. He is particularly fortunate if he can build the house himself. Then he can say with satisfaction: "When I am gone at least I shall have left a monument in the shape of this house. The town is more attractive than it would have been if I had not built my home here."

When Love Grew Cold.

My most embarrassing moment happened when I was twelve years old. I was in love. It was on a winter morning, and my mother was sending me to the store, when the boy I loved passed by. I went out of the house as fast as I could, but I slipped and fell down the stairs. It was so funny he laughed out loud at me. I never looked at that boy again.—Exchange

Simply Worn Out



How Many Women Are Like This?

Can anything be more wearing for women than the ceaseless round of household duties? Oh! the monotony of it all—work and drudge; no time to be sick; tired, ailing, yet cannot stop. There comes a time when something "snaps" and they find themselves "simply worn out," and to make matters worse, have contracted serious feminine disorder which almost always follows the constant overtaxing of a woman's strength.

Then they should remember that there is no remedy like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—the experience of these two women establishes that fact.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—"After the birth of my last child I had such painful spells that would unite me entirely for my household. I suffered for months and the doctor said that my trouble was organic ulcers and I would have to have an operation. That was an awful thing to me, with a young baby and four other children, so one day I thought of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and how it had helped me years before and I decided to try it again. I took five bottles of Vegetable Compound and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and they have cured me. Now I do my own housework, washing and ironing and sewing for my family and also do sewing for other people. I still take a bottle of Vegetable Compound every spring for a tonic. I recommend your medicine to others who have troubles similar to mine and you can use my letter if you wish."—Mrs. PAUL PARSONS, 1325 Stone St., Sandusky, Ohio.

All Worn Out Women Should Take

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

COULDN'T LEAVE DEAR DADDY

Sweet Girl's Affection Must Have Been Very Comforting to the Old Gentleman, Yes!

The blushing girl leaned over her father's chair and put her arm around his neck. "You dear old papa!" she cooed. "You've been very good to your little girl since her engagement." "I'm always glad to make my sun-beam happy," murmured father fondly. "I want you to think sometimes of your foolish old father and remember that he did everything he could to make home pleasant for you before you left him in his lonely old age." "Oh, you dear, sweet man! What would you say if I didn't leave you, after all?" "Eh!" exclaimed the startled old man.

"How can I be so selfish after you have been so good to me, and done everything for me?" said the girl tenderly. "I don't care so very very much for George. I'm going to tell him it was all a mistake, and that he can find somebody else, for I'm always going to stay at home with you. . . . And then you can always give me nice things!"

Dr. Pillers' Handicap.

"I understand that young Dr. Pillers had a hard time getting established here." "So he did." "What was the trouble?" "Chiefly the fact that his whiskers wouldn't grow fast." "Indeed?" "Yes. It took him about four years to raise a respectable Vandyke beard."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Cubist Difficulty.

Blasco Ibanez, the Spanish novelist, was talking in New York about the cubists. "I know a cubist in Madrid," he said, "who paints portraits that look like eggs, chains, bottles, rocks—anything but the models they are painted from." "I dropped in on this cubist in his studio one morning, and found him examining with low, troubled oaths some 20 or 30 of his masterpieces." "What's the matter, old man?" I said. "The matter is," said he, "that Don Mucho Denaro, the oil profiteer, has just sent around for his portrait, and to save my life I can't remember which it is."

Too Good to Work.

A tall ancestral clock stood upon the mantelpiece in a Southern home, faithful to its duty. It had run uninterruptedly for years. On a holiday occasion the maid, an old-time negro, decorating the house with holly and mistletoe, furnished the clock with a particularly brilliant wreath, and as she said, dressed it up for the occasion. The next morning when she came to work, the faithful old clock had stopped. She stood before it, arms akimbo, and apostrophized it: "You just were going to stop, clock! You are just like a nigger—no sooner 'n you gets all dressed up, you think you is too good to work."

A babbling brook is probably called so because it can't keep its mouth shut.

Withering looks will make a garrulous woman dry up.

Food For A July Morning

—and every morning when the thought of health enters into the meal time preparation—

Grape-Nuts

This easily digested food needs no sugar, yet it has a most pleasing sweet flavor, and is full of the sound goodness of wheat and malted barley.

"There's a Reason"